30.

A PANEGYRICK

ON THE

LOYAL

AND

HONOURABLE

Sir George Jefferies

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE

OF

ENGLAND.

Τῆς Ἀρετῆς Ἱδρῶτα Θεοὶ προπάροιθεν ἔθηκαν.

By *E. SETTLE.*

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A

PANEGYRICK

On the Loyal and Honourable

Sir George Jefferies

Lord Chief Juſtice of

ENGLAND.

WHen *Schiſme* and *Treaſon* at one Fatal Blow
Deſign a *Throne* and *Churches* Overthrow,
Deep lyes the Mine, whilſt underground they dwell,
By ſo much nearer their own Parent, Hell:
Till Heav'n a gentle pittying Eye caſts down,
And to protect a darling MONARCHS Crown,
A Favorite to God reſtored before
By Miracles, adds one kind Wonder more:
Does ſome Bold Patriots Mighty Minds inſpire
Inlightned by a Beam of Heavenly Fire.
Kind Providence no Common Hands muſt call
To Countermine a Threatned Kingdoms Fall.
So call'd was *Jefferies*, the Brave, and Bold;
Jefferies in Honors earlieſt Liſt inroll'd:
Betimes the Long Robes Glory; and his Tongue
Touch't with a Coal from Wiſdoms Altar Young.

Our

Our *Albion* Isle curst with a hardned Race
Impenitent t' Oblivion, Pardon, Grace,
Foresaw a Black ingendring Tempest rise
T' Eclipse her Sun, and darken all her Skies.
This Race of Men with too much Plenty fed,
And too long Royal Mercy surfeited,
Cou'd Murmur, Murmur, where one Fault to find
Twas in a Prince too Good, and Heaven too kind.
And durst (oh Horrour!) 'gainst the SON renew
Those very Arts which the great FATHER slew.
The Murder'd Fathers Blood! such Guilt, such Wounds!
Oh dismal Thought! unutterable Sounds!
When that Great Martyr to a Scaffold led
Even with a Form of Solemn Justice bled.
Nay t' heighten the Impiety, and make
A Crime so foul (if possible) more black,
With Songs and Hymns, and Knees all bended low,
And with uplifted Eyes they gave the Blow:
Durst call even GOD, t' abett the Blood they Spilt,
And make HEAV'N Patron to Infernal Guilt.
Such Saint-like Faces to so Damn'd a Deed!
Oh Murd'ring Hypocrites, ye *Cain*'s Curst Seed!
Like *Ætnæ* Mount, a Pile of Burning Sin,
All Snow without, but Sulphur Mines within.
Yes and to out-do all———————
Ye dare the Titles even of Christians claim.
But if th' Eternal Founder of that Name
With such loath'd Guilt could ever stoop to dwell,
'Twas sure that Hour when he went down to Hell.
Good Heav'n! that such reviving Crimes should dare
Revisit Light in scarce poor Forty Year.

Too dire a Revolution to be found
Even in the whole Platonick Circle round.
Yes the Arch Fiend lights her Old Brand agen,
And turning to Confuſions Diſmall Scene,
The Hideous *CHAOS* unaffrighted views,
And to th' old Ruines the ſame Track purſues.
For Reſtleſs Faction from her Mouth all hung
With Serpents Fangs puts forth her Forked Tongue,
And hiſſing deadly with a Double Cry
From one ſide *Right*! *Religion*! *Liberty*!
From t'other, *Plots*! *Conſpiracies*! *Pope*! *Rome*!
Tyrants and *Bondage*! *Stakes* and *Martyrdom*!
Our Heads ſhe with Romantick Dangers fills
Alarm'd with *Bloody Pilgrims*, and *Black-Bills*.
Armies and Arms *Inviſible*: Thoſe Bold
And Hideous Tales with harden'd Fore-heads told.
Forms that not Dreams e're ſhaped, or Frenzy hatcht;
Nor all the Roman *Legends* over Matcht:
Tales ſo ſtupendious, that when future Times
Shall read out Three Recorded *Sanedrims*,
It ſhall a much leſs Wonder be receiv'd
That they 'have been *Sworn*, then that they 'have been *believ'd*.
When this Gigantick *Fantom* walk'd around,
And the Mad World in Magick Fetters bound,
Till *Noiſe* and *Lunacy* both raged ſo high,
That all Men fear'd they knew not What, nor Why:
Jefferyes alone waked their Lethargick Souls
And from their Lips withdrew th' Enchanting Bowls.
Jefferyes alone ſaw the falſe Viſion thro',
And the Curſt *Negromance* that rais'd it too;
Saw our *Falſe Fears*, the Bolts Sedition Flings,
Falſe Fears, the old State Tools to Murder Kings:

And in his Country, and a Crowns Defence
Taught Mankind *Reason*, and Three Kingdoms, *Sense*.
Thus *Nation-Saviours* were rak'd out from Jayles,
And *Salamanca* cheats turn'd Oracles:
Whilſt bold *Impoſture* mounted like a God
Hemm'd round with Fate o're Graves and Gibbets rod;
Not Plagues more mortal, not the Porcupine
More arm'd with Death, nor Baſilisks more keen.
Till *Jefferyes* ſtopt the Poyſon as it Spread,
Turn'd back the Venome to the Poyſoners Head:
And look'd the Impudent Deluſion dead.

Here angry Faction turn'd a Fury, wak'es
Her rowz'd Revenge and all her beſt lov'd Snakes.
With the old Prophets Fate too proud to ſtoop
To the new Worſhipt Image ſhe had ſet up,
To the Divinity of Kings he bows,
A Crime more black than *Daniels* Morning Vows.
For which the Object of her Vengeance grown
To th' *Senates* Rage a Den of Lions thrown,
Hardly he ſcapes from their Devouring Jaws;
Or a worſe Fate from their new *Molocks* Paws;
Beſides he ſawcy murmuring Crowds *abhorr'd*,
And Diſobedience to their Soveraign Lord.
A Guilt for which (his Foes his Hangmen turn'd)
He ſtands Condemn'd and in *Effigie* Burn'd.
In thoſe black Days amidſt th' impending Clouds
From Poyſon'd Senates, and Rebellious Crowds,
'Twas Crime enough to draw a Nations frown
To ſtand unſhaken to a King, and Crown.
Nay for new Rods new Scourges ſtill behind,
To hunt him out even from all Humane kind;

The Apoſtate City his falſe Miſtriſs Scowls,
All burning-red her Blood-ſhot Eyeballs rowls,
Whilſt Bellowing Mad the enrag'd Beldame howls.
Envying the Truſt of her Recorders Seat,
T' a Loyalty ſo formidably Great;
With ſcornful hand her Purple Robe reſumes,
And with contempt ſhe ſtrips his gawdy Plumes.

Was this the worſt their malice could contrive?
This, this, the ſharpeſt blow his Foes could give!
From that Tribunal thruſt, from that loath'd Power,
Whence forced *Aſtrea* was long fled before.
To quit Sedition, Schiſme, Hypocriſie;
And from a Neſt of brooding *Hydra's* fly.
A Scene where Royal loud tongued Blood ſtill groan'd,
And Treaſons unrepented unaton'd.
Whilſt thus expell'd, he with more Pride retires,
Than the Old Patriarch from *Sodom* Fires.
His very Exile with more luſtre ſhin'd,
Than t' have ſtay'd Lord of all he left behind.
Whilſt led by Loyalty, and *Charles* his Cauſe;
He like bleſt *Lot* with Angel Guides withdraws.
'Tis doubtful which his greater Glory brings,
The Hate of Rebels, or the love of Kings.

Out from this Herd was Loyal *Jefferies* driven;
A Crew of *Indian* Worſhippers, their Heaven
Their *Shaf*——*ry*, with reſtleſs Envy grown,
At once the Worlds Tormentor, and his own.
That Old Decripid Compound of all Evil,
Compeer with *Lucifer*, a Wizard Drivel,
With more of Hell, and ſcarce the younger Devil.

Hell is not to be named whilſt he ſtands by,
So much his Arts Hell's leſſer Wiles out-vy.
Alas! Hell only draws poor Mortals in;
With Hooks half bare, with Baits of Vice and Sin.
Sets only Ills before us to deſtroy,
And tempts but with a falſe corrupted Joy.
This ſubtler, bolder Tempter flyes more high,
Baits with Religion, Conſcience, Piety.
Makes it a Chriſtian Duty to unloſe
The Bonds of Loyalty, and Kings depoſe:
The work of Heaven, Heavens Viceroy to dethrone,
And Angles with the CROSS to catch the CROWN.
Thus by theſe more than Diabolick Arts,
He ſnared the fond unwary Peoples Hearts:
Arts never matcht ſince that great Cheat that firſt
All Mankind loſt, and the whole World accurſt.
So the Old treacherous Serpent climb'd the Fair,
But fatal Tree to damn the firſt made pair.
To make 'em Gods he poor falſe Mortals made,
And with the Fruit of Life to Death betray'd.
'Twas thus this cunning charmer did delude,
The eaſie and unthinking Multitude.
Whoſe head-long Paſſions, and each fond deſire,
Is but an Ague-fit, all Ice or Fire;
Rais'd from Extreams t' Extreams, at each chance turn,
Yet both ways ſenſeleſs why they Freeze or Burn.
And their blind Zeal to puſh more boldly on,
He ſets them up a Dagon of their own.
A gawdy Idol by th' adoring Crowd,
With Knees low Worſhip'd, and *Hoſannah'd* loud.

All Wiles are us'd to lead the Murmurers out,
By this Seducer of the blind-fold Rout,
That ſtrange ſhort-ſighted Beaſt that rampant ſtands,
With ſcarce one Eye to ten *Briareus* Hands.
But to ſupport th' Aſſociating Band,
Their ſtrongeſt Bulwark they the CITY gain'd;
LONDON the proud *Coloſſus* of the Land.
Whoſe too large Stride, and Mountain Greatneſs grow,
T'ore-look a Kingdom in a Vale below.
Her Curſt TRIUMVIRATE t' uphold the Intrigu
The powerful Patrons of th' Infernal League,
In dire Conjunction Rule, th' Aſcendants Lords;
And their dear Sons to guard from Ax and Cords,
Like young *Achilles* in the *Stygian* Lake,
Dipt in their Guilt invulnerable make.
Shackles and Chains, weak Tools of weaker Law!
Nor Jayls nor Dungeons immured Traytors awe.
Iron Gates ſhall fly, and Towr's of Braſs ſhall fall:
That *Sampſon Ignoramus* Conquers all.
Thus *Londons Chair* did *Charles* his *Throne* o're-Lord,
Whilſt Royal Juſtice held an Edgeleſs Sword.
Theſe were the Sons the faln *Auguſta* bore;
Whilſt turnd a Proſtitute Republick Whore,
And teeming all with miſchiefs, brooding o're
A Holland Stove warm'd with *Geneva* Coals,
Inſtead of *Engliſh* Boys true Loyal Souls,
The Off-ſpring of her vile abandon'd Sins,
Were all but baſe born Vermin *Sooterkins*.
Theſe Mud-bred Vaſſals warm'd t' a Pride too high,
Even in the Face of Soveraign Pow'r durſt fly.

Make JUDAHS LYON ſtoop to Village Currs,
And Royal Ermines to Mechanick Furrs.
This *Jefferies* with aking Eyes beheld,
He ſaw the States enfeebled Fabrick yield;
And to reknit the uncementing Walls,
Thus to great *Charles* the watchful Patriot calls.
See this proud Town, what Slaves enthron'd dare do:
Th' Ambition of Exalted Clay but view.
That King-like Power which none but *Engliſh* Crowns
E're lent t' Ignoble Blood, the ſeed of Clowns,
Turn's glitt'ring back, by Rebell Fury preſt,
With its drawn Point at its great Founders Breaſt.
But rouze, dread Sir, and your arm'd Vengeance call.
This only Port lyes open to their Fall.
Here enter, and your juſt Reprizalls make:
Their Boaſted ſtrength their forfeit CHARTER ſhake.
Cut but that *Sampſons* Lock, and nerveleſs all
Shall the weak Arm of humbled Treaſon fall.
Juſtice ſhall in her ancient Channel run;
And undiſturb'd the Mighty Deep roul on.
With the ſublime Oraculous Counſell pleas'd,
The Royal Hand the kind Occaſion ſeiz'd.
Here th' Unhinged Frame once more t' its Axle lift,
(Wondrous the Influence and the Motion ſwift)
Order and Harmony ſtept forth, and found
Th' old Beaten Track, and walk'd the ſpacious Round.
Poyſon and Rancour now begin to purge:
And at the Dread of her Approaching Scourge,
The chang'd *Auguſta* from her Crimes Obſcene
Turns a Repenting Convert *Magdalene*;

Quitts

Quitts her loath'd Luſts, and her loſt Fame recalls,
Leaves her lewd Haunts, her Clubs and her Caballs:
And ſees, with Loyal Indignation, all
Her Conventicle Treaſon Brothells fall.
And to crown all, and prop her falling State
Elects a Loyal Bleſt *Triumvirate.*

Here the bright Ray of penetrating Light
Opes the dark Chambers of the Sons of Night.
The Dreadful Mine's to th' Eye of Day expoſed,
And all the Magazine of Death diſcloſed;
Up to the very Head, the Dire Compact
From *Rumbold* Cott to TENNET Pallace, tract.
All open lyes. Truth ſpeaks and Juſtice hears;
Whilſt Treaſon in her Toyls herſelf enſnares,
And a rich load her *Haman* Gibbet bears.

This fear'd the Grand Impoſtor, whilſt betimes
The Old State Fox foreſaw his Scented Crimes,
And his Imperial Hunters to beguile
Fled far to earth in *Hollands* ſafer ſoyle.
The very Crowd with an enlightned Eye,
Now find the Cheat, and curſe the Forgery;
Whilſt Popery and Plots thoſe noyſy Names
Were all but Bellow's to Fanatick Flames.

Thou Monarchies Great *Solon*, ſuch Succeſs
Does thy Renown'd Heroick Counſells Bleſs.
Thine was the Storm the toſt *Leviathan* bore
Stranded and loſt on *Belgias* fatal ſhore:
His Forreign Flight and Tomb thy work alone;
With nought but his black *Epitaph* his own.
Thy Deathleſs Name in Hiſtory ſhall ſtand
The Wiſe *Ulyſſes* of our *Albion* Land.

As that bold Greek did the *proud Shield* enjoy
A juſt Reward for the Great Fate of *Troy*.
So by thy Conduct CHARLES his Foes o'rethrown,
By thee their ſtrength, their loſt *Palladium* gone,
Victorious Loyalty rais'd by thy Hand
Does on the Necks of vanquiſht Rebells ſtand:
Whilſt yielding *Troynovant* thy Triumph owns,
And Gaſping Treaſon breathes her dying Groans.
And when kind CHARLES, his gratitude expreſt,
Thee in his brighteſt Scarlet Glory dreſt,
The neareſt Image in that awfull Seat
Of that Imperial Power that made thee Great;
In mounting thee to JUSTICE hallow'd Throne,
Crown'd thee but with a Trophy of thy own:
Lent thee but that which thy own Hand reſtored,
Her reſcued *Scales*, and her recover'd *Sword*.
As the Old Rebell *Giants* warr'd with *Jove*,
'Gainſt CHARLES his Throne, did theſe Aſpirers move:
For ſcaling Engines, Jealouſies, Doubts, Fears,
Heap'd Mountain-High the Impious Crew uprears:
All by theſe Sons of Earth againſt the Crown,
Like the Old *Pelion* upon *Oſſa* thrown.
Then loud-tongued Clamours, bare-faced Forgeries,
With Libels, Scandals, Calumnies, and Lies,
At his Imperial Throne and Glory flew,
More poyſonous Shafts than e're the *Titans* threw.
Advanc'd thus far, now for the laſt bold Dart,
The Giant Blow home to the Royal Heart,
Stood the Proud Foe, his Impious Arm rais'd high,
From Hell-mouth'd Engines ready to let fly

Their Sulph'rous Entrals, their Infernal Load
Up to the Chariot of the driving God,
Prepar'd, when the great Rider's headlong hurld,
To ſnatch the falling Diadem of the World.
Til Thou theſe bold Invaders to engage,
And light the Fires of *Charls* his Sacred Rage,
Suppli'dſt the *Thunder* his great Arm ſhould throw,
And form'dſt the *Bolts* that gave the Conquering Blow.

Nor are, bleſt Patriot, here thy Labours done:
The work of thy Creation ſtill goes on.
The Impious Fiend-Diſturbers of the State,
Charm'd by thy Exorciſms, and *Londons* Fate,
In everlaſting Chains ſhall ſilenc'd lye;
Whilſt the warn'd Worlds returning Loyalty
Shall Majeſty with Palm and Olive meet,
Till Souls like Charters fall at *Charles* his Feet.
Till his GREAT COUNCIL call'd, he finds a Choice
So Noble, that, (as the laſt Trumpets Voice
Calls forth th' elected Spirits of the Juſt,
Rais'd Immortality from Putrid Duſt;)
From our late Dregs of black Corruption all,
The Soveraign *word* ſhall that new Glory call,
A kind All-healing *Genius* that ſhall ſmile
With boundleſs Day on our reflouriſhing Iſle.
Theſe ſhall the well-pleas'd *Charles*, all ſtorms blown o're,
Theſe Sons of Honour meet, Worthies that more
Than Crowns defend, ſhall even to Crowns attain;
T' unite with Kings the only way to Reign.
Worthies that ſhall a Loyal Horror pay
To th' unforgotten Execrable Day;

And with new Vows th' Eternal Throne invoke
T' atone that yet unexpiated Stroke,
When *Englands* First Great CHARLES———
Like Old *Romes Cæsar* by a *Senate* fell;
(Senates when Impious the dire Brands of Hell.)
Oh for a Curtain, some thick Veile of Night,
Impenetrable even to th' *Empyrean Light*,
To hide, if possible, that crying Blood
From the just Eye of an Avenging GOD.
And as when after the fall'n *Cæsars* Death,
Destruction tired, and quite run out of Breath,
Sheath'd her keen Sword, and the whole World at rest,
Was with the sweets of Peace and Union blest;
Whilst his Great Heir with Halcyon Glories crown'd
Saw a long Dance of well-tuned Years go round.
So shine, kind Heav'n, on *Albions* mourning Isle;
We 'have felt thy Scourge, and let's enjoy thy Smile.
No more, Ye Pow'rs, your angry Viols shed,
Enough our World in CHARLES his Wounds has bled.
Here clear our Clouds, and make our Discords cease;
To JULIUS *Murder* add AUGUSTUS *Peace*.

To build which Peace, Thou Architect Divine,
Great *Jefferies*, the Mighty Basis Thine,
From thy firm Ground-work may that Fabrick mount,
That never-shaking Pile, whose Towry Front
With lofty Pride shall bear its Golden Spires,
Till the Dissolving Universe expires.
Shine not with thy own Loyalty alone,
But make the Virtues of a World thy own.
For whilst *Astræa* reinthroned by Thee.
Once more set up does her falln Standart see;

Whilſt recall'd Hearts to Heaven, and *Charles* return,
And Expiation Sacrifices burn;
Till the Foundation thy bold Wit durſt lay,
Thou generous Phoſphor to our Riſing Day,
Shall Truth, Obedience, Innocence reſtore,
The firſt beſt Fruit that Paradiſe e're bore:
Tis all but a bleſt Harveſt of thy own,
A rich full Crop where Thou haſt both Till'd and Sown.
Go on; and to be more Divinely Great,
And thy own Planted *Eden* to compleat,
Free our rank Soyl from every poyſonous Weed;
Purge that Church-Canker SCHISM'S contagious Seed:
Cut up that curſed twining *Ivy* round
The *Tree of Life*, and the black Root confound.
Cure all our Calentures, kind Patriot, heal
The ſcorching Rage of wild Fanatick Zeal:
The ſmoky Fires to their own Hell be hurld,
And quench that threatning Dogſtar of the World.
Till the kind Annals of Recorded Time,
In Juſtice t' a Deliverance ſo ſublime,
Thy Deeds with *Iſraels* Miracles ſhall write,
The wondrous *Cloud* by Day, and leading *Fire* by Night.
This Work to full Perfection to advance,
Teach dull Mortalities groveling Ignorance
The unknown Price of LOYALTY; ſound forth
That dazling Jemms ineſtimable Worth.
Kind Loyalty, thou more than Diamond Light,
Who down to Graves in Blood ſhineſt ſparkling Bright,
Throug Warr and Deſolations thickeſt Night.
Thou charming Sweetner to Fates Bittereſt Cup,
Thou who thy Head 'bove ſinking Worlds holdſt up,

Even in a loſt and Shipwrackt Kingdoms Fall,
Stript bare of Honours, Fortunes, Life, when All
Bourn headlong down the ſwallowing Torrent foul,
Graſpſts and holdſts faſt the undeſerted Soul.
Bleſt Loyalty in whoſe bright Paths to tread,
Does up to all the heights of Glory lead,
It *Crowns* the Living, and *Embalms* the Dead.
Thou Heav'n-born Race, Divine *Allegiance*, born
Before all Worlds; Thou, whoſe Illuſtrious Morn
Shined long before e'vn Natures Infant Ray.
The firſt Great Task of Angels to OBEY.
Their laſt Companion too, *Obediente*, thou;
Who before Worlds waſt born, and ſhal't out-live 'em too:
Thine the Seraphick Songs of Quires Divine,
The Great Eternal *Hallelujah* thine;
Mounting by Thee thy Seat we cannot miſs;
Thou *Jacobs Ladder* to Angellick Bliſs.

Aſcend, Great Seer, from Loyalties ſoft Theme,
To the DIVINITY of POWER SUPREME.
That Pow'r which does the *King* of *Kings* diſpence
To the VICEGERENTS of OMNIPOTENCE.
His Thunders younger Race their Axe and Rods,
Thrones but lower Heavens, and Kings but Minor Gods.
Here chant forth CHARLS, ſuch Clemency renown'd,
Hemm'd with ſuch mild and pardoning Goodneſs round,
His very Scepter t' an offending Land,
Does blooming all with wondrous Mercy ſtand,
An *Aarons* Rod placed in a *Moſes* Hand.

As God to MONARCHS his own Mould does bring,
And in his own bright Image ſtamps the KING;
Sure when to *Charles* th' Almighty Impreſſion came,
In his Benigne Heavens *ſofteſt-temper'd* Frame,
So much the Figure of the SON he wrot,
The FATHERS Godhead was almoſt forgot.
And yet there was that bold and Helliſh Race,
Even this Celeſtial Mirrour durſt deface.
For, Oh! by black and mad Ambition hurld,
What is't their Arms durſt do? Be dumb ye World;
Burn pale ye Stars, and frighted Nature ſtart,
To find a Hand dares ſtrike at ſuch a Heart.
Hard-fated Monarch! Oh degenerate Blood!
And *Engliſh* Veins more courſe than *Nilus* Mud!
What Prodigies th' unfathomed Fates have done;
Such Royal Beams to warm like *Egypts* Sun!

The Great ORESTES next to *Charles* defend,
Great as his Brother, Greater as his Friend.
To the forgetful World ſound his Applauſe,
In *Charles* his Battles, and his Countries Cauſe.
Teach the Ill-manner'd Crowd, th' ungracious Brood
Their awful Duty to Exalted Blood.
Show the vaſt difference 'twixt th' Imperial Line,
A Channel Sacred, and a Spring Divine;
And a poor *Muſhroom-Birth*, a wanton ſhoot,
Sprung in a Night, and born without a Root.

Teach 'em all this; and whilſt to their charm'd Hearts,
TRUTHS dazling Beauty ſhoots her Golden Darts:

In thy high Orb ſpread round thy Beams of Light,
And ſet the Courſe of ſtaggering Nature right.
Shine with thy borrow'd Rays from *Cæſar* Crown,
With that kind univerſal Influence down,
Shall bind our World to *Charles* and *Charles* his Laws,
He the *Firſt Mover*, Thou the *Second Cauſe*.